

Read All About Us

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/18851005) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/18851005>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb , Explicit Language , Ficlet , Character Reading Fanfiction , Mention of sex , Mention of Gangbangs , Meta-Perspective , Murder Husbands , They come for the smut writers , Don't copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Hannigram Oneshots
Stats:	Published: 2019-05-16 Words: 1,613 Chapters: 1/1

Read All About Us

by [APastandFutureNerd](#)

Summary

Hannibal discovers fan fiction written by so called “fannibals” on the website Archive of Our Own and shows it to Will. Both are not very happy about some depictions of their sex life.

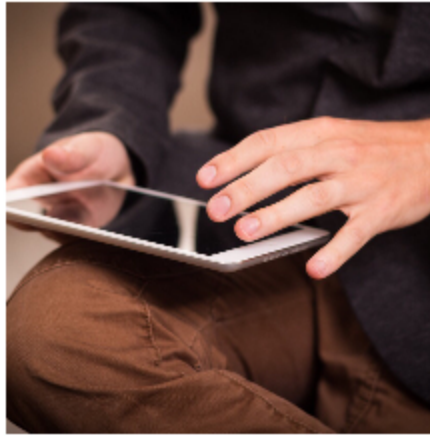
A short ficlet, a writing exercise, exploring the prompt “Characters reading fanfiction.”

Notes

Some other fictions I’ve read and taken a liking to are mentioned in this ficlet. The fics hinted at are “The Fruit from Your Own Tree of Wickedness”, “Herringbone” “Sated” and “Defiling Your Darlings” and my own called “A Bloody and Smutty New Year’s Eve”.

They were just in my mind when I wrote it and as I didn’t want to shame anyone I included my own, too ;)

I just imagined that the two of them were not particularly pleased about reading smut about themselves ;)



“It is fascinating what people have been writing about us in the last months, Will,” Hannibal says. His voice shows he is intrigued but somewhat rebuked by the story he is reading. His legs are crossed, while he is seated comfortably in a chair on the balcony of their apartment at the oceanside of Cuba, holding his tablet in his hands. “Let me guess. Another article of Freddie Lounds on Tattlecrime.com describing how I crawled back into your ass?” The empath asks sardonically, furrows his eyebrows and bows down reluctantly to Hannibal who is attentively looking at the screen of the tablet and scrolling down the page. “No”, Hannibal answers and his lips twitch in amusement. “Stories written and published by so called “fannibals.” Partly fascinating and repugnant stories, if you ask me.” He remarks while he continues to read. Will skims the page in the browser Hannibal currently lingers on. It appears to be a fanfiction site. The headline of the page held in red letters on a white background is “Archive of Our Own.”

“It seems we do have quite a number of avid fans, Will.” Hannibal remarks nonchalantly. Will looks at him in disbelief and snorts out loudly. “Lemme see that“, Will says, grabbing the tablet to be able to get a better view as the intensity of the hot Cuban sun outside makes it impossible to read the stories on the screen of their tablet from the distance, despite the adjustment of the brightness settings. Will does not care about what other people think about them anymore but there is something in Hannibal’s voice and face that makes him interested. “I didn’t know we were that popular and famous.” Will replies, a bit taken aback as he focuses on the short story Hannibal is currently reading and frowns but enjoys it. They spend at least one or two hours scrolling through the website, reading stories about their escape and

their life. One particular novel called “The Fruit of the Tree of Your Own Wickedness”, set after the sad farewell in Baltimore long time ago, has drawn their attention and keeps them glued to the screen. “Impressive writing. The plot is good”, Will mutters, when he reads about his character meeting another psychiatrist in Florence who shares the same traits of his character. The entanglement between Daniel, story-Will and Hannibal excites him. “I like this Daniel. Refreshing to read about a psychiatrist who does not want to eat me alive and actually supports me instead.” Will taunts Hannibal who tenses in his chair.

“I agree with your compliment on the writing”, Hannibal answers, a little bit irritated but he chooses to reciprocate the taunting remark in his way and selects the next words carefully. “Especially the chapters about Bedelia and me are well-done.” He gives back with a smirk curled on his lips. Will gives him a nasty and slightly jealous look. “Don’t”, Will warns him, grabbing the shoulder of his husband. He hates it when Hannibal talks about Bedelia like this. His husband, satisfied with the reaction, simply presses a kiss to his temple but returns his gaze teasingly and does not apologize. The empath scoffs and rolls his eyes.

They skim through another novel-length fic called “Herringbone” whose refined writing, storyline leaves them equally astonished and at awe but also reminds them vaguely of their first months after their fall. “This is sad but beautiful” Hannibal murmurs, looking thoughtful and melancholic. Will holds his hand in comfort. “I am glad we have moved on from the resentments.” He continues in his raspy voice. Will raises his eyebrows, looking at him from the corners of his eyes. “Not all of them”, his lover reminds him. Hannibal stares back, sighs and says, “Yes, Will I know I have made many mistakes and I still intend to keep my promises not to hurt you anymore. Though I hoped we were at the point of moving on and making peace” Will’s face softens as he sees the sadness on Hannibal’s face and he strokes the sun-kissed, tanned cheekbones with his fingers. “We are.” He says quietly, takes the hand of Hannibal and kisses the wedding band. His husband smiles faintly at his reassurance. Their lips meet for a slow, chaste and intimate kiss and Will puts the tablet aside for a moment to prevent it from falling down and taking damage.

To cheer Hannibal up, Will picks some rather funny stories about his character not being able to cook, making a mess of the kitchen which amuses his husband profoundly. Will bears his scornful comments with dignity. They laugh and smile at the clumsiness until they find some dubious erotica works which make them frown.

One of these stories they are presently skimming through describes their sex life in the tiniest details with some of the kinks Will feels uncomfortable familiar with. In this particular story, Will is kneeling on the bed on all fours, pushing his ass in black women’s panties up into the air, exposed before Hannibal, calling him “Daddy”. He praises his cock, licks, sucks it and is constantly edged by a butt plug until fictional Hannibal releases and rides him from below.

“What is this, Hannibal?” Will asks, uncomfortably embarrassed and flushing red as if caught in the act in public. “When did we become porn stars?” Hannibal chuckles at his ironic comment. A part of Hannibal enjoys the attention his character receives on the website depicting him as a dom while another part is outrightly disgusted and angered at Will being insulted as “cockslut”. He shifts his head to his lover currently sitting beside him, his head nuzzling into his shoulder and says: “I warn you, there are many more of these atrocious stories on this website you do not want to read, Will”, Hannibal comments, while opening

another story which describes how a gangbang is organized by his character for story-Will. His lips are pursed when he reads the first lines of the summary and he wrinkles his nose.

Fictional Will apparently likes being used and fucked by other men and women without seeing their faces until he is utterly spent. At the brink of complete exhaustion, his character is about to be fucked again by story-Hannibal.

As if this isn't enough, for poor fictional Will, another story explores the prompt of Will being tied to a chair, stripped naked, while watching Hannibal dining on Freddie Lounds' heart before being whipped in the bedroom.

Will's face is expressionless in this exact moment as he joins his husband in reading the stories. "This is tasteless", Will finally answers after a while. "Don't you think it's rude to write such things about me, Hannibal?" Hannibal smiles and strokes his back until his hand rests on the booty of Will. "Of course, Will. I think it is discourteous and unforgiveable to write about you in such a derogatory, humiliating manner and to expose our sex life to the public like this." Hannibal answers, putting down the tablet, pouring himself and Will a glass of Cuban rum. "Although some of the preferences of your character seem to be pretty accurate, don't you think?" Hannibal mocks him. "I heard you calling me 'daddy' quite often in the last few nights when we had sex." He raises one of his eyebrows slightly, his maroon eyes amused, as he watches how Will bits on his bottom lip and snorts at that but can't evade a blush. He withdraws from Hannibal's side and positions himself behind his chair.

"We will be very busy. It's going to be tough to track them all down. There are lots of them naughty fannibals", the former agent states, sipping from his glass of rum, leaning against the white balustrade behind Hannibal's chair. "It will be challenging, yes. But social media is going to help us, believe me. One can never be too careful with the privacy settings." Hannibal retorts. "And I don't think it is necessary to kill them all." Will looks at him, frowning. He can't believe that Hannibal actually says something like that. Before he can open his mouth, however, Hannibal continues, gesturing with his hands to not interrupt him. "I would like to refrain from killing the ones that describe our adventures in such an exciting and remarkably sophisticated way." "Just the particularly naughty and rude ones then", Will assesses, indifferent, shifting his gaze back to Hannibal's face. His blue eyes are filled with ravenous hunger and delight at the prospect of hunting together once again. "Yes." Hannibal agrees, smiling as he sees the dark and dangerous look in his lover's blue eyes. "I would really like to enjoy the flavour of scrambled brain fried in butter once again", Hannibal remarks and a condescending, teasing smile is curled on his lips. Will flinches for a second. "Christ, Hannibal. I am not going to watch how you open their head with that fuckin' bone saw."

There is a short silence. Hannibal quickly apologises as he sees the wrath in Will's eyes. "Sorry, my love" He mutters, arching his head against Will's lap. Will strokes his head. "You don't have to. We can kill the others in your preferred way."

Will calms down and cups Hannibal's face into his hands.

"Thank you. Anyway, meat's back on the menu, I suppose. We'll have enough food supplies for at least one year", Will says with a twisted smile on his lips before he bends down, wraps his arms around Hannibal from behind and presses his cheeks against his

husband's. "Indeed", Hannibal replies, smirking and pressing a smacking kiss on Will's pink lips. "We will not die of starvation."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!